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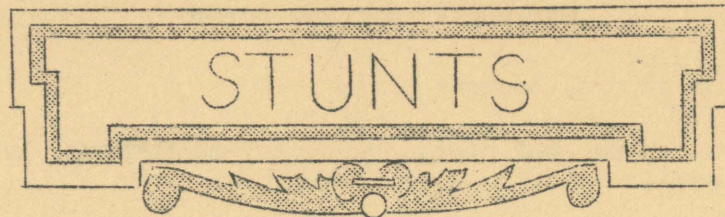
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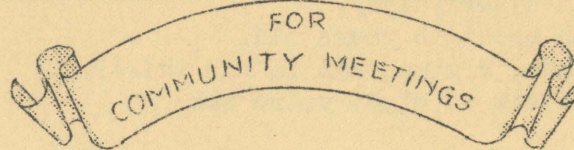


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THE HOUSE THAT TOM BUILT

Scene: Living room in Mrs. Brown's home.

Properties: Couch, candy cane, wet coat, overshoes, toothbrush, large faced clock, frowning mask.

Characters: Mrs. Brown, an elderly lady.
Tommy, her son about 15 years old.
Dr. Common Sense, a young man in his thirties
Six boys, ages six to eight years old.

(The scene opens with Mrs. Brown outside the door and Tommy is lying on the couch.)

Mrs. Brown (outside) No, Tommy can't come out to play today. He has a very hard cold. He almost had croup last night. (Enters the room.)

Well, Tommy, how are you feeling now? (Takes his temperature as she speaks.)

Tommy (fretfully) Just horrid, Mother. I do wish my head would stop aching.

Mrs. Brown I'll let this window down from the top. Maybe the fresh air will help your head. (She lowers the window and then leaves the room.)

(Tommy goes to sleep. Enter Dr. Common Sense, who watches Tommy for a minute.)

Dr. Common Sense (scornfully) This is the house that Tom built. The tumble-down house that Tom built.

(Enter a small boy carrying a candy cane and stands in front of Tommy's bed.)

Dr. Common Sense (pointing to him) This is the candy all sticky and sweet,
That foolish Tommy alone would eat,
Instead of the milk and the eggs and meat
To put in the house that Tom built.

(Enter a small boy carrying a coat which is dripping wet. He hangs it on a chair by the fire and goes out again. Tommy opens his eyes and looks at Dr. Common Sense in wonder.)

Dr. Common Sense (pointing to coat) This is the wet coat, so they say,
That Tommy wore for a whole long day,
And didn't change when he came from play,
To put in the house that Tom built.

(Enter a small boy carrying a pair of overshoes. He sets them down near the coat and goes out again.)

Dr. Common Sense These are the overshoes Tom forgot;
His head feels heavy, his cheeks are hot,
And oh! what a terrible cold he's got
To put in the house that Tom built.

(Enter a small boy, bearing aloft a toothbrush)

Dr. Common Sense Here is the toothbrush he didn't use--
 Poor foolish Tommy! He does abuse
 His friends and really deserves to lose
 Forever the house that Tom built.

(Enter a boy with a large pasteboard clock face in front of his own, the hands pointing to half-past ten.)

Dr. Common Sense This is the time that he went to bed,
 In spite of all that his mother said;
 Of course there's a tired and sleepy head
 To put in the house that Tom built.

(Enter a boy wearing a frowning mask.)

Dr. Common Sense This is the frown that we saw him wear,
 Morning and night -- he didn't care.
 But thoughts, when wicked or cross or sad,
 Will make a sick body for any lad.

(Enter Mrs. Brown, looking very tired.)

Dr. Common Sense This is Tom's mother, who worked all night,
 Trying to mend the house up right;
 For it really was in a sorry plight,--
 This tumble-down house that Tom built.

Tommy (sitting up) What is your name? What are you talking about? What do you mean by "the house that Tom built?"

Dr. Common Sense My name is Dr. Common Sense at your service, sir. I'm talking about a very foolish boy I know, who didn't take care of himself, and now he's sick in bed with a cold. The house that Tom built is your body, Tommy. You've been building a little on it every day. But I must say you've put in some pretty poor material--bad habits, bad food, carelessness, dirt, ill-temper! No wonder you are sick.

Tommy What should I have put in?

Dr. Common Sense Good body-building food instead of candy and pie; good cheery thoughts, carefulness and cleanliness.

Tommy What can I do now that I am already sick?

Dr. Common Sense Breathe fresh air, take a good sleep, eat the food your mother brings you, and take your medicine without fussing. In addition to that I'll give you a dose of Common Sense. (He gives Tom a spoonful from a big bottle which he takes from his case.)

Tommy I do feel better already, and I am ashamed because I made so much extra work for Mother. She has quite enough as it is. I guess I've been a pretty foolish boy, Dr. Common Sense, but after this "the house that Tom built" is going to be a different looking house. Thank you.

(Curtain)

PARIS GREEN AND THE BUG

(For this little play, three children are required. The persons of the action are
a

Small Potato (heroine)
Potato Bug (villian)
Paris Green (hero)

(It is suggested that a small dark girl be the heroine, a small and active child the bug, and a larger boy for Paris Green. If there is time for costuming, a shapeless potato-brown sack garment will be the heroine's toilette, perhaps a gunny sack. For the villian, a garment in the gaudy coloring of a bug. For the hero a suit of bright green with a high graceful cap of the same material. Paris should have some kind of atomizer or squirt gun to typify the sprayer.)

Enter a small potato:

I'm just a little tater,
Living in a hill,
I try to be a big one
By just a lyin' still.

And gobbling up the sunshine
My vine sends down to me,
Thru many little rootlets
As busy as can be.

(Here silently and with plainly vicious intent the villian enters, he begins making short sharp jabs at the Potato, varying this attack with well aimed pinches where the flesh is weakest and most susceptible of squeezing. This should not be really done for fear of breaking up the show.)

Potato continues in a voice growing smaller and weaker:

Oh where, Oh where's my sunshine!
It has stopped altogether
I'm getting awfully skinny;
I scarcely know whether

I am a little tater
Or some poor little ghost
I'm getting weaker, weaker
I guess I'm gone, almost.

(Potato shrinks and finally drops on floor)

Bug dances about victim after the fashion of Indian war-dance, chanting in shrill triumph:

I'll get him - I'll get him!!
I've almost got him now;
I'll eat him - all of him (on knees greedily)
Br-rr--Bow-wow wow wow.

Enter gaily and swiftly the Hero:

Ho, Ho, I've been watching you,
You miserable villian,
I've laid my eye on you while you were a killin'

(Bug springs up, but is caught by the mighty arm of the rescuer)

Hero turns a sprayer upon him with deadly aim:

Here goes my machine gun

P---ss---ss---t---you are sprayed

(Bug falls stiff and dead on the floor. Paris takes hand of

Potato and putting hands under her head, gently raises her up)

Get up, little Tater, your enemy's laid!

Potato rises, and clasping hands kneels before Paris Green:

Oh, Paris, you've saved me, I'm getting well fast;

The horrible sickness has swiftly gone past.

Soon I'll be the handsomest potato seen,

(Paris raises her gallantly)

I owe my life to you

Oh, sweet Paris Green.

They walk off arm in arm.

BACK-SEAT DRIVING

Characters: Taxi Driver and Old Lady

Time: Three minutes

Properties: Chairs arranged to simulate a cab; large sign, "Yellow Cab"; bird cage; bundles, large umbrella, etc.

Action: The old lady steps into the cab with all her bundles, aided by the solicitous driver, who then enters the front seat and starts the car. Much business of steering. The driver very often puts out his hand as a signal for turning a corner or stopping. The old lady grows more and more uneasy each time he does this. Finally she taps on the shoulder with her umbrella, and he stops the car abruptly. The old lady almost falls out of her seat. When she recovers her balance she says, "Young man, you keep your hand in and tend to your drivin'. I'll tell you when it starts to rain." (Driver collapses)

---Nancy Beach in Successful Stunts

HOW DO YOU DO

For two little girls
To be spoken very slowly and distinctly
(Rhymes may be sung to tune of Howdy Do.)

Both together:

How do you do everybody! How do you do!
How are you everybody? How are you?
We're awfully glad we came
Over here to see you.

First girl:

We surely like your style

Second girl:

And we surely like your smile

Both together:

How do you do everybody
How do you do!

First girl:

A cow with a mouth eighteen inches wide, starting at the front gate and grazing in a straight line, on grass one inch high, would end up thirty miles away from home by the time she had gotten fifty pounds of grass. My daddy says that's TOO MUCH WALKING for a little grass. He says we've got to have better pastures.

Second girl:

A seed peddler sold one of our neighbors some get-rich-quick oats last spring and our Gopher oats beat it twenty bushels to the acre. Daddy says we'll play safe and grow only recommended varieties on our farm.

First girl:

We raised Minnesota No. 13 corn* this year and dad said he got more feed out of fifty bushels of that variety than out of 75 bushels of that soft southern corn we raised one year. He says that pigs like sound, dry corn. They can get their water in the trough.

Second girl:

There are a lot of different kinds of diseases for crops to put up with. There are two different kinds of smut on wheat and another kind on oats and still others on barley and corn. Then these crops have their own kinds of rust and then most crops have special diseases of their own. My daddy says if he had as many diseases as plants have he'd be sick. He says if we could get rid of crop diseases we'd all have better crops.

Both together:

How do you grow, better crops? How do you grow?
How do you know what to grow? How do you know?
Tell us the way you do it,
The kind and how you grew it.
How do you grow, better crops? How do you grow?

First girl:

Who raises the best crops in this neighborhood?

*If preferred substitute name of variety best adapted to your locality.

Second girl:

I don't know. Why?

First girl:

Who raises the best hogs?

Second girl:

I don't know.

First girl:

Who raises the best chickens? Who has the neatest farm yard? Who canned the most vegetables this summer? Who had the best garden?

Second girl:

I don't know.

First girl:

Well I don't know either, but let's ask the program committee to find out.

Second girl:

Why?

First girl:

So they'll put these folks on the program to tell how they do it, get the best corn grower to tell how he raises corn, get the best turkey raiser to tell how he raises turkeys, and so on.

Second girl:

But everybody is good at something.

First girl:

All right then everybody will be on the program and we will be just trading ideas.

Second girl:

All right, we hereby pass the idea on to the program committee right now.

Both together:

What do you say everybody, what do you say?

What do you say everybody, what do you say?

Will you each in your own way

Give your secret tricks away?

What do you say everybody, what do you say?

---Rural Community Service
Agricultural Extension Division
University of Minnesota
University Farm
St. Paul, Minnesota.

THE PIPE ORGAN

by Neal Griffith

Characters: Six to twenty pipes, three pedals, organist, announcer.

Preparation: Organ pipes wear peaked caps and have their hands covered with cloth, partly white and partly black. The pipes stand close together in a curved line, tallest in center, elbows at sides and hands held out in front to serve as keys. The pedals lie on the floor with their feet in the air. A table in front serves as a bench for the organist.

Performance: The announcer introduces the organist with voluble palaver.

Organist: Ladies and gentlemen: With pleasure I greet you. I shall now endeavor to titillate your auditory nerves with my most charming technique. For my first number, which is also my opening number, I shall play for you that most exquisite composition, the famous "Prelude in C". (With many flourishes begins to play by tapping the outstretched hands and tramping the pedals. The organ pipes respond, but instead of the Prelude hum "Good-night, Ladies".)

Announcer: In order to meet the tastes of this cultured audience, the organist will render varied selections. His next will be that famous love song, "The Gypsy Trail". (Organ hums "Polly Wolly Doodle".)

Next comes a classic composition, one of the best known overtures, "The Poet and Peasant". (Organ hums, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here".)

We have now a fine example of modern jazz, "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby". (Organ hums "My Bonnie".)

For a sacred selection the organist has chosen, "The Palms". (Organ hums "Annie Laurie".)

As a grand finale we have that most magnificent and inspiring composition de luxe, the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody". (Organ hums "Old Folks at Home".)

And now, friends, I thank you. (Bows)

Organist: I thank you. I thank you. (Bows)

Organ Pipes and Pedals: Each says, "I thank you" separately, while making a very low and mechanical bow.

(Note: - The pipes should be sure of the order of the tunes to be hummed. Kazoos will give an added effect.)

THE KING WITH A TERRIBLE TEMPER

Divide the group into five units as indicated. Each group responds with the appropriate response when its key is given in the reading of the story.

Key:

Characters	Response
1. The King	Gr-r-r-r
2. Fat Daughter	Ka-plunk
3. Thin Daughter	Whistle
4. Beautiful Daughter	A-a-a-a-a-ah
5. Handsome Prince	A-ha
Gallopig Horse	All make galloping noise with feet

Narrative

There was once a king with a terrible temper. (Gr-r-r-r). He had three daughters. The eldest was very fat (Ka-plunk); the second was exceedingly thin (Whistle); but the youngest was very beautiful (A-a-a-ah).

Now in a nearby country there lived a handsome prince (A-ha!). One day he came to the palace of the king with a terrible temper (Gr-r-r). "I have come," said he, "to seek a wife among your daughters" (Ka-plunk, whistle, a-a-ah). First he was presented to the eldest and, well the heaviest daughter (Ka-plunk). "She would eat too much," said the handsome prince (A-ha!). Then appeared the daughter who was very thin (Whistle). She did not please him either, and he said, "But I heard that you had a young and beautiful daughter!" (A-a-ah). This displeased the king with a terrible temper (Gr-r-r). Said he, "You can't rob my nursery for a bride!" "Well," came the reply, "I cannot love your oldest daughter (Ka-plunk), and I don't like your thin daughter (Whistle)."

Just then on the stairway appeared the youngest and most beautiful daughter (A-a-ah). Rapture filled the heart of the handsome prince (a-ha!), and he cried, "I will take your youngest daughter!" His words greatly angered the king with a terrible temper (Gr-r-r). "Call out the guards," he thundered, "and turn out this upstart of a prince!" (A-ha!) But the suitor immediately siezed in his arms the willing princess (A-a-ah). With her he rushed out. When the royal court reached the door, all they could see was a cloud of dust raised by the hoofs of the galloping horse. (Gallopig sounds which gradually die away.)

So ends the romantic tale of the king with a terrible temper (Gr-r-r), his fat daughter (Ka-plunk), his thin daughter (Whistle), the youngest and most beautiful daughter (A-a-ah), and the handsome prince (A-ha!), with the galloping horse (sounds of feet).

---R. B. Tom, Columbus, Ohio

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA

by John G. Peters

A Spanish pirate reads the story, and the actors go through the motions suited to the words:

Listen, my children, and you shall see
Columbus sailing across the sea.
'Twas in nineteen hundred and forty-two
That the action takes place - the scenes are few.

The orchestra plays,
The curtains part,
This historical drama
Is ready to start.

First of all, as you all can see,
Is the court of Spain in its majesty,
Where Isabelle, the lovely queen,
Presenting her jewels to Columbus is seen.

Now we see them sailing the sea. (1)
Columbus is boss, or tries to be.
He treads the deck, and cries, "A sail!"
Then discovers it's only a baby whale.

The crew now mutinies. (Mutiny, crew!)
They hasten to throw Chris into the blue,
When all of a sudden they spy the land (2)
With trees and bushes and nice white sand.

They claim all the country in the name of the Queen,
And play with the Indians, brown and lean. (3)
Then Columbus hastens to call up Spain
To show that his trip was not in vain. (4)

And after Central has put through his call,
This conversation is heard by all.
"Hello, Isabelle, we've just found land."
"Honest, Christy? Ain't that grand."

"Yes, Santa Domingo is the name of the place
That we bought from Big Chief Mud-in-the-Face.
And the natives here are a jolly old bunch.
We're going to have macaroni for lunch. (5)

"I've spent twelve dollars for a second-hand Ford;
We're all selling bananas for room and board.
Tell old Ferdinand the world is round;
It was all due to you that America's found." (6)

That, my dear children, is the way with most things.
From small beginnings the great nation springs.
And so ends the story; our play is done.
We hope you've enjoyed it, every one. (7)

Notes: 1. Three tubs full of sailors are shown on the stage. (2) Crews mutiny. Spy land. (3) Dramatic claiming of land. All crews play with Indians. (4) Columbus telephones home. (5) Crews still playing with Indians. (6) They continue to play. (7) Actors bow.

Note: This is a stunt for two men. The first should be a fat man so when the second man starts his recitation the crowd will see the joke. The first man is all that is announced, he goes to the platform alone and starts to speak. The audience does not know that the second man is to appear.

First man:

"Out Where the West Begins"

by Arthur Chapman

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Second man rises from audience and interrupts the speaker:

"That isn't right!"

First man: "What's that?"

Second man: "That isn't right. You didn't say it right."

First man: "What do you mean, it isn't right? Of course it's right."

Second man: "No, it isn't. It's wrong. You haven't said it right at all."

First man: "Well if you think you can do any better, come up here and try it."

Second man: "All right, I will."

First man remains standing while second man comes up front and recites:

"That's Where the Vest Begins"

Down where the belt clasps a little stronger,
Down where the pants should be a little longer,
That's where the Vest begins;
Down where you wish you were a little slighter,
Where the shirt that shows is a little whiter,
Where each day the buttons grow a little tighter,
That's where the Vest begins.

Down where the pains are in the making,
And every heavy meal will soon start aching,
That's where the Vest begins.
Where each added pound is the cause of sighing,
When you know in your heart that the scales aren't lying,
And you just have to guess when your shoes need tying,
That's where the Vest begins.

NOTE: The following number may be put on in the form of a contest. It should be read very slowly and distinctly. Everyone should be provided with paper and pencil to write down as many county names as possible while the story is read. There might be a prize for the person having the longest correct list. It was made up by Mrs. Lars Murphy of Minnehaha county.

A COUNTY CONTEST -- It started one DAY when GREGORY HUTCHINSON fell in love with Miss AURORA PENNINGTON as they were returning from the play "CLAY". As he was taking his BON HOMME they went into a candy store and lunch counter and asked the CLARK, whose name was JONES, for a ham sandwich and he said, "I'll tell DAVISON, he's M'COOK." As they waited, he smoked a CAMPBELL, which is not made by the FAULK Tobacco Company, and later they both drank a bottle of KINGSBURY. She looked a BUTTE in her dress of bright HUGHES so he asked her to join him in matrimonial UNION. Now, he was a MINER by trade, but he'd just POTTER around. I never saw a guy who DOUGLAS. But he worked enough to make his ARMSTRONG and he could take MELLETTE in his HAND and BENNETT. But, she did not want to be a SPINK in a gilded cage unless he had some money to make it WALWORTH her time, so she said, "Have you any JACK-SON?" He claimed to have an ample MEADE of dough, but she said, "I think you LY-MAN." Seeing she would not GRANT his request, he tried to BUFFALO her and he CUSTER. He was CORSON as were his relatives who averaged one or more prison term PER KINS, so he grabbed a BEADLE and hit her on ZIEBACH until it was as BROWN as if it was all SANBORN. She did not like this HAAKON and told him not to lay his HANS-ON her. She tried to DEUEL him, but to no avail and when she stood all the HAMLIN she could STANLEY, she told him to leave her alone but he would not MINER. She says, "Go take a jump in the LAKE," but he said, So's JERAULD man, FALL RIVER would be better for that." Officer EDMUNDS thought there were ROBERTS in the place and he came in like AURORA lion and as he's not BROOKINGS public fights on his beat he YANKTON and then another. Not wishing to SUILY his uniform he called the MARSHALL to help him and they threw the gink out on the DEWEY grass and told the gal to take a TRIPP and HYDE before the bozo returned and started another MIX, or BRULE if you will, and then Aimee M'PHERSON left with an "And they shoot men like LINCOLN".

The Lion and the Lamb - The entertainer is seated at the piano and proceeds as follows: Once there was a great wide desert. (Leader strikes lowest and highest note on piano to show vast distance.) In the center of this desert were three small trees. (Strikes middle C, E, G, slowly, after one another.) And near these trees there was a little bubbling spring. (Plays C, D, E, D, C, one octave higher, up and back a few times to represent flowing water.) One day a little lamb came to drink of the spring. (Slide rapidly from highest note to middle C.) A little later a big lion also came to get a drink. (Slide somewhat more slowly from lowest note to middle C.) Then there was a great commotion. (Strike several keys with each hand at same time, making noise to represent fight.) Then the poor little lamb went home with the lion. (Slide slowly from middle C to highest note and from middle C to lowest note at the same time.) Then there was nothing left but three small trees. (Strike C, E, G, as before.) And a little spring. (Strike same as at first.) And a big lonely desert. (Strike lowest and highest note slowly after one another.)

"A Sure Cure for Falsehoods" - The housewife, with a troubled, anxious look on her face, is discovered seated at table reading newspaper. A loud knock is heard and she goes to the door. A salesman is admitted and he immediately begins talking, telling her of a new invention of his. (The invention in reality is only a toy balloon.)

He tells her it is a sure cure for falsehoods---if she will place it on the wall it will expand every time someone tells a falsehood. She tells him she does not, and will not, believe such nonsense. He finally reduces the price and suggests that she try it on her husband. She becomes more interested and finally purchases one.

Her hubby later returns and she asks him to explain why he is always coming home so late. He tells her a falsehood. (The balloon has been placed on the wall, the end being pushed through a hole in the canvas screen (or whatever is used for a wall), and someone on the other side holds the balloon and blows it up each time the husband tells a falsehood.

The wife asks the husband many questions as to his past and his answers are all falsehoods. The balloon expands with each answer. She finally tells him of her purchase of the afternoon. He is dumfounded and asks her if she never in her life told a falsehood. She tells him "No" whereupon the balloon expands until it bursts.

The stunt can be made more interesting and humorous if the questions and answers contain the names of people in the audience.

---From "Community Club Stunts"
Successful Farming

Fifteen Hidden Vegetables - (Write this on a black board in front of the audience, or read it to them and have each one write it down in full on a sheet of paper, then have them hunt for the 15 hidden vegetables in the story. Omit the underlines)

Around the town pump, kin folks and friends gathered, to hear Tom tell of his travels. Tom at once began the yarn to spin. "Ach" said an old German, "Be an honest boy". "I hope always to be," replied Tom and proceeded with his narrative.

"After I had ordered my cab, bag, etc., I started on my trip and soon found myself on Ionion shores. We had not gone far, however, when we found the wheels of our car rotted off; but the driver said to a boy, "Bring me a brad, I shall soon fix it." But I decided it would be more safe to travel by boat, where I knew nothing but a leak could harm us. We had a pleasant voyage around the shores of Greece, where I heard much of Jupiter, Saturn, Iphiginia, and other mythical beings. I could not distinguish the various styles of architecture and continually asked this, "Is this Doric or not?" In Egypt, I sighed for a fresh pot at our hotel, as the meals were poor. At a dinner I gave a start, I choked and found I had almost swallowed a beetle.

With this the company dispersed, and Tom's story was ended.

KEY: - pumpkin, tomato, spinach, bean, pea, cabbage, onion, carrot, radish, leek, turnip, corn, potato, artichoke, beet.

Ghost Tactics - Have some good story teller relate in a somewhat abridged form "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." She can begin in very low, scarcely audible voice and work it up to a strong climax. It would be well to have queer noises off stage to accompany the telling. For instance, the sound of horses feet as Ichabod starts to the party. The sound of music as they dance, etc. The sound of the horse galloping along the road on the way home, the sudden stop, a low moaning of the breeze in the trees, then the rapid hoof beats of the running horse, the terrified urgings of Ichabod to his horse and the chuckle of the headless horseman as he draws nearer and nearer. Finally, when the pursuer throws his head at Ichabod there comes a terrible crash, and then absolute quiet, a slight pause and a sentence or two in closing.

During the recital, added amusement can be furnished if two or three people circulate about in the audience, provided it is dark enough not to be seen, and play pranks. One could have on a stick a rubber glove filled with cold water. With this he reaches over and touches someone on the neck or hand. Another might have a large spider hung from a long stick. The spider has a light on it, the switch to control it being on the end of the stick held in the hand. This lowered before the face of someone in the audience and at the proper juncture, flashed on. Frequently an "Oh!" of surprise will escape someone. The fitting up of the device is simple and can be made from an ordinary flash light and some wire.

Still another device is one in which two people will be needed. It consists of an ordinary gallon bucket with a small hole in the bottom through which is fastened a piece of clothes line. The clothes line is coated with rosin so that when the bucket is held and the rope drawn through the hands of another the device emits an unearthly sound. These circulate about quietly and the one with the bucket gets his part of the instrument behind some unsuspecting member of the audience and the other member pulls on the rope. The result will usually gratify the most mischievous.

Radio Hash - A man had just installed a radio. He tuned in, getting three stations on the same wave length. One was a minister, one a man telling the condition of the roads and the third a lecturer on poultry. Here is what he got:

"The Old Testament tells us that baby chicks should detour one mile south of Salina and listen to the words of the prophet, Ssysysysy---Be careful in the selection of your eggs, and you will find a hard-surfaced road on to Garden City. We find in Genesis that the roads are muddy just west of the henhouse and clean straw is essential if you would save your soul. After passing through Leavenworth, turn north to Jericho. Three wise men bought a large incubator on account of a bad detour. The baby chicks were troubled with pip and a bond issue is being talked in Holy City. Keep the feed clean, live a life of righteousness and turn south one mile west of the schoolhouse.

"Much care should be taken in commanding the sun to stand still, as there is a washout on the bridge just south of Paola, and the road to salvation is under repair, making it necessary for 70 degrees in the brood house at all times.

"After you leave Winfield, unless you do these things the wrath of the Lord will caus the pin feathers to fall out and detour one mile south. Many are culled, but few hav any luck unless gravelled roads between Topeka and Lawrence is mixed with feed. Out of 500 eggs one should get good roads from Coffeyville to Tulsa and He commanded Noah to build an ark just one mile west of Wichita. It rained 40 days and 40 nights and caused an eight mile detour. Just west of the brood house many tourists from the House of David are trying the Plymouth Rocks mixed with concrete and a desire to do right."

PRIZE FIGHT STUNT

A real Tunney-Dempsey fight in which blood flies, teeth are knocked out and both fighters are off their feet all of the time may be staged as follows: Load two barrels at the bottom with cement to make them like roly-poly dolls. Into the cement old boots may be sunk (inside the barrel) into which the fighters step to make their footing more certain. Each fighter wears boxing gloves daubed inside (particularly) with common lip stick. As the fight progresses, the "blood" is smeared over the fighters. One or each fighter may have half a dozen beans in his mouth to spit out for teeth.

Each man has a second who stands by to right the barrels in case they are laid flat on the floor and between rounds fans and massages his "fighter" vigorously, besides giving him plenty of audible moral support.

The timekeeper sounds the gong when the round begins and when it ends.

The ambitious scrappers swing vigorously at one another. They clinch and are separated. They become prostrate in the overturned barrels which the seconds must right. As the fight goes on, the seconds increase the length of time the barrel is allowed to lay. Finally, Tunney, in the desired round (four or five is good), knocks Dempsey "cold" and all the efforts of the second are in vain to bring his man to before time is called.

(Curtain)

This is a good act when staged by two lively boys whom the audience knows.

---From "Community Club Stunts",
Successful Farming

A Yankee Doodle Kitchen - Characters: Pianist, four girls. A helper arranges a small table in the center of stage or hall, two chairs, seats facing, front right (to be used as a wash bench), and a small table, front left.

As the pianist plays Yankee Doodle and as much like a march as possible, the characters enter one at a time keeping step to the music. All except one wear bungalow aprons with white caps or head bands.

The first one to enter is a portly, colored woman in ample gown of Mother Hubbard cut, belted at the waist, gay bandana around the head, carrying tub and washboard. She proceeds slowly to the wash bench, keeping time, swaying her tub and placing it in position, begins to rub garment. As she reaches her position girl enters carrying dish pan with dishes (of course, cracked and discarded ones are used), she sways pan gently right and left as she approaches table at front left and gives her pan a sharp jerk once or twice to make dishes rattle. Next the maid with her broom sweeps to the right and left as she proceeds around in the open spaces. Next the cook who carries a mixing bowl and spoon and takes place at the center table. The musician plays faster and faster, the players work and keep time, the maid dances with her broom, the cook kicks right and left as she beats, the dishwasher washes dishes and picks up pan and drops it with a bang, and the washer woman washes and flirts her garment in the air till all are breathless and finish with one last bang.

---From "Community Club Stunts"
Successful Farming

THANKSGIVING

An Exercise for Twelve Children

Each child wears a cap--like the pointed soldier caps--made of light colored paper with a bright letter pinned on the front, the letters to spell Thanksgiving. The children come on one at a time from behind a curtain or screen, each as his turn comes to speak.

No. 1--"T" is for the thanks we should say
For all our blessings Thanksgiving Day.

No. 2--"H" is for the harvest that brings
The grain and fruit, and other good things.

No. 3--"A" is for the apples we prize--
So good to eat, so good for pies.

No. 4--"N" is the noon when we hungry grow,
Waiting for dinner that comes too slow.

No. 5--"K" is for kitchen where cook bakes
Turkey and cookies, pies and cakes.

No. 6--"S" is for snow, also for sleigh.
Two things we like on Thanksgiving Day.

No. 7--"G" is grandpa's, the best place, we say,
To go to spend Thanksgiving Day.

No. 8--"I" is for idle--the way we feel
After eating a Thanksgiving meal.

No. 9--"V" is the vegetables that grace
Our tables and fill a worthy place.

No. 10--"I" is for illness that comes to the one
Who eats more than he should have done.

No. 11--"N" is the night that comes too fast
And says Thanksgiving Day is past.

No. 12--"G" for gladness we have all day,
And then for good-byes that we must say.

All exclaim together, "Thanksgiving!" Then each one pulls
off cap and waves it as all together say:--

Thanksgiving's the Day!
Thanksgiving."
Hooray! Hooray!

---Marie Irish in "Good Things
for Thanksgiving"---

EXERCISE: WHAT THE TREES TEACH US

By Helen O. Hoyt

(Let a boy or girl represent each tree, if possible carrying a large cutout picture of the tree which they represent or other means of identification. They should learn the two lines which they are to give.)

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong,
In defense of the right, in defiance of wrong.

I have learned from the Maple that beauty to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

The Beech, with its branches wide-spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice,
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in the caskets rough.

The Birch, in its wrappings of silvery gray,
Shows that beauty needs not, to make gorgeous display.

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle the wrong.

The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves,
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

The Lombardy Poplars point upward in praise,
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

The Cherry tree blushing with fruit crimson red,
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight.
This truth I discern; it is inwardly white.

The firm-rooted Cedars, like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be gold.

I See a Ghost - Five or six courageous spirits who are professedly not afraid of ghosts form a single line facing the audience, shoulder to shoulder. The first one says in sepulchral tones, "I see a ghost." The next one asks "Where?" and the first one answers, "Over there," pointing with his right hand. The second one tells the third one, and so on down the line, the last one telling the first all about it. This continues, pointing next with the left hand, then kneeling on the right knee, and then the left knee until all in the line are pointing outward with both hands and are on their knees. The final move is for the first one to push the entire line over.

The One-Eyed Dressmaker - If in a large group, from five to ten men are sent to a dark room; if the group is small, all the men are sent. They are brought out one at a time and each one is asked if he can thread a needle with one eye closed. They are always sure they can! The victim is seated, given a piece of fine thread and a needle with a large eye, one that would not be the least bit difficult to thread. His right eye is closed for him by someone who stands behind him, covering the eye with a hand, which incidentally has lamp black on it. When he has successfully threaded the needle he is duly praised and then sent back to the darkened room, until all the other men have gone through the same performance. They are brought into the lighted room together. Each one enjoys immensely the somewhat sooty eye of the other fellow!

Bride and Groom - One person does this, with one side of the body dressed like a man, the other side like a woman. This is easily done by putting on a man's clothes first, pulling the hair straight over to one side and to that side of the head pinning a man's soft hat, which has one side pushed into the other. The shoe on that side must be most masculine. The woman's clothes can be drawn together so that only one-half shows. For example, one sleeve of her waist can be pushed right through the other sleeve. The impersonator carries on a most animated conversation as if between bride and groom. If the groom is talking she turns the groom side to the audience and talks in a deep bass voice. If it is the bride, she whirls that side around and talks in a decidedly feminine voice. They make love to each other, quarrel make up, and enact a complete romance.

Ford Stunt - The Bachelor Brother invites two Spinster Sisters to ride in his new Ford. The Ford is made of armchairs for automobile seats, an inverted folding chair for the engine with a lantern on it, and a handle attached, such as an ice cream freezer handle. Some one whirling an egg-beater behind the scenes, produces an exact Ford sound. The tourists dress up in ridiculous motoring clothes and with much ado and nervous shrill conversation get in, Bachelor Brother receiving minute directions as to how to drive. They remark on the beautiful scenery they pass, are arrested for speeding, run over a chicken (farmer produces feathers as evidence) have a blow-out, have nervous chills, one faints, and the Bachelor Brother works up quite a temper. The ride ends when the machine falls over an embankment.

Topsy-Turvy Concert - The performers in the topsy-turvy concert, who should be of nearly the same height, take their places behind blankets stretched across the platform at the level of their chins. They then put stockings on their arms and boots on their hands, and stand looking over the blankets at the company, with their hands and arms carefully hidden. The concert begins with the singing of the first verse of a song. Immediately the verse is finished, the singers, stooping down so that their heads disappear from view, thrust up their arms and wave them about. The effect is of a row of people standing on their heads. The chorus is thus sung. Then they pull down their arms and put up their heads again and sing the next verse.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE

(A dialogue for two boys. They should dress in part without overdoing it.)

Country: I'd like to be a city boy,
for anybody knows
It would be heaps and heaps of fun
to go to all the shows,
I'd have a pair of roller skates,
and coaster wagon, too,
And best of all there'd never be
the chores at night to do.

City: I wish I were a country lad--
the country life for mine--
The shady lanes, the running streams,
they surely must be fine
Oh, just to bring the cows at night,
Oh, just the Jersey cream
That never saw a milkman's cart,
would be a joy supreme.

Country: You never have the cows to milk,
or wood to get, like me;
Oh what a very easy time,
a city boy must see.
I'd like to change this life of mine--
for it is one that bores
But Dad says, "Sonny, hurry now,
and do your evening chores."

City: My coaster wagon I would give,
my roller skates go free,
Just for a week, out on the farm--
but what's the use? Oh gee--
For Mother's calling, and I know
that this is music day,
And I must practice runs and scales,
instead of goin' out to play.

---National Grange Monthly

ADDRESS OF THE BIRDS

(An exercise for five children)

(These children may be appropriately costumed in crepe paper. Paper put on in strips about the body, the lower edge cut in sharp points to represent feathers and overlapping one layer over the other gives a good representation of bird costumes. The paper can be fastened on old clothes and pulled on quickly.)

The Robin:

I am a robin, very brown
And big and plump and smooth and round.
My breast is pretty, bright and red,
And see this top-knot on my head!
I heard the boys awhile ago
Shooting robins o'er the snow,
And flew away in trembling fear
And thought I'd hide from them in here.

The Blue Bird:

I'm a blue bird. Don't you see
Me sitting on this apple tree?
I left my nest an hour ago
To look for bugs and worms, you know;
And now I know the very thing--
That while I'm waiting I will sing
Oh! beautiful and balmy spring!

The Woodpecker:

I'm a woodpecker--a bird
Whose sound thru' wood and dale is heard.
I tap, tap, tap, with noisy glee,
To test the back of every tree.
I saw a rainbow stretching gay
Across the sky, the other day;
And someone said, "Goodbye to rain,
The woodpecker has come again."

The Lark:

I'm the lark and early rise
To greet the sun-god of the skies,
And upright cleave the freshening air
To sail in regions still more fair.
Who could not soar on lusty wing,
His Maker's praises thus to sing?

The Nightingale:

In music I excel the lark,
She comes at dawn, I come at dark.
And when the stars are shining bright,
I sing the praises of the night.

In Concert:

Oh! in a chorus sweet we'll sing,
And wake the echoes of the spring.

---American Teacher

THE LOWER IS HIGHER

Two men.

Time: Two minutes.

Characters:

Traveller

Ticket Agent

Traveller: Let me have sleeping accommodations on the train to Albany.

Agent: (after a pause which shows his utter indifference as to whether the TRAVELLER travels or not) For a single passenger?

Traveller: No, I'm married, but I'm not taking anybody with me. A single shelf will answer.

Agent: Upper or lower?

Traveller: What's the difference?

Agent: A difference of \$1.80. Our prices to Albany are \$7.20 and \$9.00. You understand, of course, the lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower berth. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. It used not to be so, but we found everybody wanted the lower. In other words, the higher the fewer. ~~and, and, and I~~

Traveller: (interrupting) Why do they all prefer the lower?

Agent: On account of its convenience. Most persons don't like the upper, although it's lower, on account of its being higher, and because when you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed, and then get down when you get up. I would advise you to take the lower, although it's higher than the upper, for the reason I have stated, that the upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher; but if you are willing to go higher it will be lower.

Traveller: Never mind!! I'll ride in the day coach!

---Massachusetts Extension Service

Gathering Nuts - Announce that you've just made up a little play and want some of the audience to help rehearse it. Call on two of them to be the footlights, standing them at each side of the imaginary stage. Ask others to come forward for the curtains. Next, call for a bowl of goldfish, a carpet, a table, a canary bird, etc., until you have given each guest a part with the exception of one confederate. "Say, what's the name of this, anyway?" your secret confederate asks. Be ready to run as you answer, "Gathering Nuts!"

Telephone - Tell the crowd that the next feature is called "Telephone". You'll need a partner to help you pull this trick. Get a long piece of string for telephone wire. Your partner holds one end and you hold the other. Now select members of the audience to "listen in" on your conversation by holding the wire between their thumb and forefinger and putting one ear close to it. Then you talk to your partner.

You: "Hello, what have you been doing all day?"

He: "I've been fishing."

You: "Did you catch anything?"

He: Looking at the folks hanging on the wire, "Yes, I caught a whole line of suckers!"

The Siamese National Anthem - A song that is sure to delight may be sung competitively by the whole audience. The tune is that of America, the words--read them aloud and you'll get the meaning:

O-Wah-Tagu Si-am

O-Wah-Tagu Si-am

Tagu Si-am

O-Wah-Tagu Si-am

O-Wah-Tagu Si-am

O-Wah-Tagu Si-am

Tagu Siam

Print the song on a blackboard and have everyone join in.

Damper Song -

OH! you PULL the damper out,
 (long pull from full arm's length)
And you PUSH the damper in,
 (push it clear back)
And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same;
 (curl it up the chimney in a spiral)
Just the same, just the same.
 (full arm sweep to right on first phrase,
 and to the left on the second phrase.)
And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
 (curl it up in a spiral again).

2nd Verse: Whistle it with all the motions.

3rd Verse: Silently putting in all the motions.

"THE MELLERDRAMMER" (Pantomime)

by O. L. Gustafson

Equipment:

Pitcher	Broom	Box of Matches
Banana	Rope	Flat Iron
Switch	Chalk	Dark Cloth
Stamps	Box	Salt Shakers

Piece of paper, and large cardboard signs for players to wear representing:

Manuel Del Popolo.....
Zingerella (the maid).....
Maggie O'Brien.....
Patrick.....
Curtains..(1).....(2).....
Horizon.....Sun.....
Darkness.....Hours.....
Shadows.....Stairs.....

Properties should go in place where they will be used. When the play opens the Sun is lying on the floor. Curtains stand in the center with backs to the audience. Stairs stand at back of stage. Manuel is seated at the table.

The players must keep their signs in plain sight. The following story is read slowly and distinctly, by the leader. Players carry out the actions indicated by the underlined words.

Directions in parenthesis are merely suggestions to the leader.. Give time for each action before reading the next.

THE CURTAINS are parted and our play is on. (Curtains side-step slowly to opposite sides).

"It was early morning and the SUN arose. (Sun stands up) MANUEL DEL POPOLO, son of a rich Spanish nobleman, sat in his father's castle. He was pouring over his notes (with pitcher), and so anxious was he to whip them into shape (whips them), that he simply devoured them. (Chews the notes).

Finally he arose muttering curses; "Hither Zingerella", he cried. ZINGERELLA came tearing down the stairs (tears down the STAIRS, sign) and tripped into the room. (Trips over the rug).

"Did you call?" she asked. "Yes," he answered, "Where is Maggie O'Brien?" "She is in her chamber." "Then bring her to me at once," he commanded. ZINGERELLA flew to do her master's bidding. (Makes motions of flying.)

"While waiting for Maggie MANUEL crossed the floor, once, twice; thrice. (Makes chalk crosses on the floor.) Then sat down and stamped his feet. (Pastes stamps on sole of his shoe.)

Soon Maggie came sweeping into the room. (Sweeps with broom.) Maggie, for the last time, will you marry me?"

"Ch, No, No, No!"

"Ah, curses, then I will lock you up in the tower until you will consent."

"Oh, sir! I appeal to you", she cried. (She kneels and peels the banana before him.)

"Your appeal is fruitless". (He takes the banana, eats the fruit deliberately and hands the peel back to her) and muttering curses, he left the room.

MAGGIE flew around in an agony of fear. (Makes motions of flying.) She knew Manuel would keep his word. Oh, if Patrick, her own true lover would only come. He would save her. Would he come?

The HOURS passed, but oh, so slowly. (Hours walk past very slowly.) Finally she took her stand (Moves the stand to the center) and scanned the HORIZON (she looks at HORIZON, who moves back and forth.)

Suddenly a whistle sounded from below - "Oh, Patrick, my boy, is that you?" she cried.

"Yes it is me, - throw me a line" (Maggie throws rope out to Patrick.) Patrick then galloped into the room.

"Oh Maggie!" he cried, and tenderly pressed her hand. (Presses her palm with the iron.)

At this moment, MANUEL entered and, maddened at the sight of the two lovers together, challenged Patrick to a duel.

They a-salted each other (go thru a lively duel, by shaking salt at each other), and after a few moments, Manuel gave up the match (takes a match from box and gives it to Pat,) acknowledged that he was defeated and sorrowfully left the room.

"Come, Maggie, my love! Now there is no one to stand between us. You are mine! and he led her from the room. (Passes the rope around her neck and leads her from the room).

The HOURS passed (Hours cross the stage), the SUN set (sits down,) the SHADOWS of night come. (One player with dark cloth over his head comes on the stage), and our play is ended.

The End

N. B. The object of this Pantomime is FUN. Put it on in that spirit. Have everyone enter into the spirit of his part, and make it as hilarious as possible.

TRICK HORSE STUNT

TO MAKE HORSE---Outline a natural sized head and neck of a horse on a double thickness of flour sacking. Cut out and sew up. Stuff with excelsior or hay. Make ears, stuff them and sew on. Paint big eyes and red nostrils on head. If you wish it more elaborate, ravel out rope and make foretop and mane. Two boys the same size should be taken. Both bend over from the hips. Their legs make the horse's legs, their backs make the horse's back. The front boy holds the head, the back boy, the tail which consists of ravelled rope fastened to a broomstick. The body of the horse is made of an army blanket, fastened with safety pins. Fetlocks can also be made of rope and fastened to the boys' ankles with string. If a more elaborate horse is desired, he may be made of sheeting and painted the desired color with several coats of kalsomine. Other animals may be made in the same fashion, the most popular being elephants, cows, sheep, zebras and giraffes. The markings may be put on all these with kalsomine which gives body to the sheeting.

SPEECH OF TRAINER: (The trainer comes out onto the stage leading his trick animal and speaks as follows:) Ladies and gentlemen and members of the (mention some local organization such as the Community Club) I wish to introduce to you my famous horse, (Choose a good name, maybe Spark Plug). Spark Plug, make a bow to the ladies (The horse makes a silly bow with head and one front foot). Now Spark Plug is particularly fond of the gentlemen, aren't you Sparky? (Horse shakes head) You aren't? Why I must have made a mistake. Well then, who is it you like, the ladies? (Spark Plug nods head) Spark Plug is awfully good at Arithmetic. Watch him add. Spark Plug, how much is two plus two? (Spark Plug taps four with his front foot) Fine. Now, Sparky, let's do a problem in multiplication. How much is three times one? (Sparky taps three) If I had two apples and gave you one, how many would I have left? (Sparky taps once) (A person may introduce all kinds of local jokes and hits here.) Sparky, you've been in the army, I've been told. Is that so? (Sparky nods) Well then, you should be able to do some setting up exercises. (Sparky sits down) No, no, I said setting up exercises, not setting down exercises. Now I'll give you a few commands and let's see you execute them. Attention (Sparky comes to a silly "attention") Right--dress (Give a few other commands and have Sparky's hind legs and front legs fail to work in unison. This produces a very funny effect) Sparky, I've observed you are a very intelligent animal. Now will you tell me how many hairs Mr. (Some bald headed man) has on his head? (Sparky taps eight times) Eight hairs. And now how many has Mr. (Another bald man) Sparky? (Sparky taps five times) Oh five. Only five. Well then, how many has (The most bald headed of all), Sparky? (Sparky stands still) What? Sparky, answer me. How many hairs has Mr. _____ on his head? (Still silent) Sparky, do you mean to tell me that he hasn't any? (Sparky nods his head) Now ladies and gentlemen, Sparky is a thoroughly up to date horse. He can fox trot as well as any girl in this audience. I'll show you if he can't. Come, Sparky, (Fox trot music begins and Sparky dances really well. Or he can do a jig. It all depends upon the skill of the boys who make the horse.) That was fine, Sparky! Now my friends, I want to call your attention to some of the fine points of this animal. Notice this luxuriant fore top--This glossy coat--(Sparky begins to breathe quickly and heavily) This glossy coat--these feathers on his ankles--(Go on and mention some of the points in whatever animal you are using.) And as for disposition! Well, Sparky is one of the most loving animals I ever saw. A little child can lead him! (At this moment Sparky turns quickly and kicks his master who falls flat. He runs into audience. This is a fine ending for it makes everybody scream with excitement. The master picks himself up and runs after him shouting "Whoa". It is all right if the hind legs come apart from the rest of the body and go galloping off by themselves.)

THE WASTED TIP

Three men.

Time: Six Minutes

Characters:

Coloured Porter

Two Men, Passengers on a Pullman.

Properties:

Chairs and curtains arranged so as to suggest the interior of a Pullman. Two berths (of chairs) are visible. Chairs, luggage, whisk broom, etc.

SCENE: I

First

Passenger: (hands Porter a tip) Porter, I want you to wake me and put me off at Buffalo. Got a very important business engagement there tomorrow morning. Now, when I first wake up I'm liable to be awfully crabby, say I won't get up, don't want to stop at Buffalo, 'n' all that sort of thing. But don't pay any attention to me. You put me off at Buffalo---see?

Porter: Yes, suh, boss. Ah will. Ah'll put you off. 'Twon't do you no good to be objek. (FIRST PASSENGER climbs into berth. Shortly after SECOND PASSENGER enters and is shown to berth by PORTER. He also climbs in.)

SCENE: II

(The next morning, early at Buffalo. The stage is completely dark. Voices are heard.)

Porter: Buffalo, suh!

Second

Passenger: Well, what of it? I don't want to get off.

Porter: Oh, ah remembuhs what you say, boss, 'bout not wantin' to get out, an' ah aims to put you off.

Second

Passenger: (belligerently) Well! I'd like to see you do it. (A fight ensues, in which the PORTER is successful.)

Porter: (as loud thump is heard, the PORTER has thrown the passenger off; he is breathing hard:) Theah! Ah done put you off at Buffalo, like you said. An' yo' sho' is crabby. (Several bangs.) An' theah yo' luggage, yo' suitcase, an' yo' hat, an' yo' box. (Slowly and thoughtfully.) Ah suttinly earn dat fifty cents he gib me las' night!

(He goes out)

SCENE: III

(Several hours later. PORTER stands nursing his wounds. His head is bandaged, his right arm in a sling.)

First

Passenger: (Climbs out of berth, looks at watch and consults time-table. Becomes very angry and yells for PORTER, who comes limping. He grabs PORTER roughly by his sore arm, producing appropriate lamentations) Look here, you infernal idiot! Why didn't you put me off at Buffalo like I told you? Never even woke me! Where's that half dollar I gave you? I'll report this. I'll.....

Porter: (stands aghast and finally stammers) Y-y-you de gemmen what
want to get off at Buffalo?

First

Passenger: I should say I am, and I'll, I'll.....

Porter: You de gemmen what want to get out at Buffalo? HMMMMMMMMM'.
Den, boss, foh de lan' sake, tell me who was dat man ah done
put off deah?

---By Nancy Beach